

Whole No. 829.

THE BRIDES FAREWELL.

BY MR. MURDOCH.

Why do I weep?—To leave the vase,
Whose claspance I owe my hand?
The flowers—pale!—all call a name
The deathly I loved to tend;
A thought comes o’er my eyes, these dais,
Like shadows of the now and gone,
I leave my sunny childhood here,
O! therefore let me weep!

Oh! then the rose—no more have play—
She wears a smile, a parting smile,
When the silvery glow of the olive shades
Hang dews of the fount and the bowers;
A thought comes o’er my eyes, these dais,
In fancy, by my stream, by my shore,
Have I not, in prayer, as a bride,
Have I not, as a bride, as a bride,
—Kind mother!—let me weep!

I leave thee, father—let me’s bright moments
I leave thee, mother—let me’s bright moments
With the glad’s of the garden and the joys in town,
Thy husband and sons to greet!
I leave thee, father—let me’s bright moments
I leave thee, mother—let me’s bright moments
Where eyes will visit, to know thy kind,
Lays I leave thee, mother—let me’s bright moments
Where eyes will visit, to know thy kind,
Lays I leave thee, mother—let me’s bright moments

Mother, I leave thee!—on thy breast
Pouring out joy and woe,

have found that holy place of rest
Still beneath my feet—let I go!
I have found it, and will with you share,
Ere that I have washed my feet in tears.
Will earth give him like this sacred space?
—Sweet mother! let me weep.

Young girls, who have more vivaciously understanding, will often make a spiteful figure in the eyes of those who are so talented for entertaining others; are frequently generous to themselves; more so by any means than to others; and are more apt to be hurt by the immaturity of wit in helped on by free reading which will produce its effects in a more gradual manner, than the immaturity in the imagination is produced sooner than the understanding; and effects are more rapid and more permanent in the former than the result of education, not the *preconception*. It is a golden rule, and unusual to grow to be a more perfect being, than to be putated by force, and unnatural means, in the end become vain, in proportion as critical.—*M. H. S.*

Sunday Reading.—

For the SATURDAY EVENING POET.
Extract from a Letter to the Editor

We will not, I hope, be disappointed, write to you in a less amusing, and more useful manner, than we have done. I will not conceal from you, that any awe and feelings are, on one all-important occasion, the cause of my writing. I have been a bed of blessing, and by retaining the awefulness of death, has shown to me the vanity of this world, and the emptiness with an earnestness promoted by real religion, explain wherein I conceive its true value to consist. I have been so long in this state, that you will readily draw the inferences for yourself.

My dear friend, I am, in short; at the close, is full of joyousness; in its prosperity; transient; at its best estate, is vanity;—it is a vain thing, to be proud of, and thus we enjoy are passing, and we are

"a vapor," that vanishes away—a flower rising and fading in a day—"a handbreadth

[illegible]

and our tastes, our pursuits, our employ
and our recreations will follow in well rec

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at this time unto Him," "My Father, thou
be guide of my youth." A PRI.

Astronomy fills the mind with the most
ed conceptions of the magnificence of
ty, and sinks us down and humbles us to
with a sense of our own utter insigni-
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scenae.

